RICHY and *SANDY*,

A

PASTORAL

On the Death of

Mr. *Joſeph Addiſon.*

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

RICHY.

WHat gars thee look ſae dowf, dear *Sandy* ſay,
Chear up dull Fallow, take thy Reed and play,
My Apron Deary, —— or ſome wanton Tune,
Be merry Lad, and keep thy Heart aboon.

SANDY.

NA, Na! It winna do! Leave me to mane,
This aught Days twice o'er tell'd I'll whiſtle nane.

RICHY.

WOW Man, that's unco' ſad, —— is that ye'r Jo
Has ta'en the Strunt? —— Or has ſome Bogle-bo
Glowrin frae 'mang auld Waws gi'en ye a Fleg?
Or has ſome dawted Wedder broke his Leg?

SANDY.

NAITHING like that, ſic Troubles eith were born!
What's Bogles, —— Wedders, —— or what's *Mauſy*'s Scorn;
Our Loſs is meikle mair, and paſt Remeed,
EDIE that play'd and ſang ſae ſweet is dead.

RICHY.

DEAD ſayſt thou, Oh! Had up my Heart O *Pan*!
Ye Gods! What Laids ye lay on feckleſs Man,
Alake therefore, I canna wyt ye'r Wae,
I'll bear ye Company for Year and Day.
A better Lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a Kent,
Or hound a Coly o'er the moſſy Bent;
Blyth at the Bought how aft ha we three been,
Hartſome on Hills, and gay upon the Green.

SANDY.

THAT's true indeed! But now thae Days are gane,
And with him a' that's pleaſant on the Plain.
A Summer Day I never thought it lang
To hear him make a Roundel or a Sang.
How ſweet he ſung where Vines and Myrtles grow,
And wimpling Waters which in *Latium* flow.
Titry the *Mantuan* Herd wha lang ſinſyne
Beſt ſung on aeten Reed the Lover's Pine,

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Had

Had he been to the fore now in our Days,
Wi *EDIE* he had frankly dealt his Bays:
As lang's the Warld ſhall *Amaryllis* ken,
His *Roſamond* ſhall eccho thro' the Glen;
While on Burn Banks the yellow Gowan grows,
Or wand'ring Lambs rin bleeting after Ews,
His Fame ſhall laſt, laſt ſhall his Sang of Weirs,
While *Britiſh* Bairns brag of their bauld Forbears.
We'll mickle miſs his blyth and witty Jeſt
At Spaining Time, or at our *Lambmaſs* Feaſt.
O *Richy*, but 'tis hard that Death ay reaves
Away the beſt Fouck, and the ill anes leaves.
Hing down ye'r Heads ye Hills, greet out ye'r Springs,
Upon ye'r Edge na mair the Shepherd ſings.

RICHT.

THAN he had ay a good Advice to gi'e,
And kend my Thoughts amaiſt as well as me;
Had I been thowleſs, vext, or oughtlins ſow'r,
He wad have made me blyth in haff an Hour.
Had *Roſie* ta'en the Dorts, —— or had the Tod
Worry'd my Lamb, —— or were my Feet ill ſhod,
Kindly he'd laugh when ſae he ſaw me dwine,
And tauk of Happineſs like a Divine.

Of ilka Thing he had an unco' Skill,
He kend be Moon Light how Tydes eb and fill.
He kend, What kend he no? E'en to a Hair
He'd tell O'er-night gin nieſt Day wad be fair.
Blind *John*, ye mind, wha ſang in kittle Phraſe,
How the ill Sp'rit did the firſt Miſchief raiſe;
Mony a Time beneath the auld Birk-tree
What's bonny in that Sang he loot me ſee.
The Laſſes aft flang down their Rakes and Pales,
And held their Tongues, O ſtrange! To hear his Tales.

SANDY.

SOUND be his Sleep, and ſaft his Wak'ning be,
He's in a better Caſe than thee or me;
He was o'er good for us, the Gods hae ta'en
Their ain but back, —— he was a borrow'd-len.
Let us be good, gin Virtue be our Drift,
Then may we yet forgether 'boon the Lift.
But ſee the Sheep are wyſing to the Cleugh;
Thomas has loos'd his Ouſen frae the Pleugh,
Maggy be this has beuk the Supper Scones,
And nuckle Ky ſtand rowting on the Lones;
Come *Richy* let us truſe and hame o'er bend,
And make the beſt of what we canna mend.

FINIS.

BRITH
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